

# Missiskoui



# Standard.

J. M. FERRES, EDITOR.

*Let Justice preside and Candour investigate.*

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## MISCELLANY.

### ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE.

#### HISTORY OF ARNOLD DU TILB.

ARNOLD DU TILB, a native of Sagias, a village near the city of Rieux, in the Upper Languedoc, who, towards the middle of the sixteenth century, was the object of a criminal prosecution, extraordinary in its nature, perplexing and difficult to decide.

At Artigues, a country hamlet, only a few miles from the place of Du Tilb's residence, lived a little farmer, whose name was Martin Guerre; married to a modest handsome young woman born in that neighbourhood, but himself of the Spanish province of Biscay; they had a son; and, for their situation in life, possessed tolerable property.

Ten years after their marriage, in consequence of a dispute with his father-in-law Martin suddenly quitted his family, and, charmed with the licentious freedom of a roving life, or coaxed in his affection towards his wife, although she had conducted herself with exemplary propriety, had not been seen or heard of for eight years.

It was during this long absence (to lovers as well as husbands a dangerous interval), it was at this time that Arnold du Tilb, the subject of our present article, who had formerly seen and admired the wife of Martin Guerre, meditated a most perfidious and cruel stratagem.

In age and appearance he greatly resembled the absent man; like him, too, Du Tilb having for many years quitted his country, was generally considered as dead; and having made himself acquainted with all the circumstances, connexions, and general habits of Guerre, as well by collateral inquiries, as by actual association with him during two campaigns as a private soldier, he boldly presented himself to the wife and family as her long lost husband.

The risk he incurred and the difficulties he encountered were considerable: a thousand little circumstances which it is easy to imagine, but unnecessary to describe, must daily and hourly have led him to the brink of destruction; indeed, it is not easy to conceive how he could succeed, unless the unhappy dupe of his delusion had been herself a promoter of the deceit, which does not appear to have been the case.

The stranger, at once, and without hesitation, was received with transports of joy by the wife and all the family, which at that time consisted of four of her husband's sisters and an uncle: one of them remarking that his clothes were somewhat out of repair, he replied, "yes," and in a careless and apparently unpremeditated way, desired that a pair of taffeta breeches might be brought him. His wife not immediately recollecting where she had put them, he added, "I am not surprised you have for got, for I have not worn them since the christening of my son; they are in a drawer at the bottom of the large chest in the next room; in this place they were found and immediately brought to him."

The supposed Martin's return was welcomed by the neighbours in the old French way with song and dance; and he enjoyed the priviléges and pleasures, he shared the emoluments and cares of a husband, and a few days after his arrival, repaired to Rieux to transact some necessary law business, which had been deferred in consequence of his absence; the fond couple lived apparently happy for three years, in which time two children were added to their family.

But their tranquillity was gradually interrupted by the uncle, whose suspicions of imposture were first excited by a traveller passing through the village; this person hearing the name of Martin Guerre accidentally mentioned, declared, that eighteen months before he had seen and conversed with an invalid of that name in a distant province of France, who informed him that he had a wife and children in Languedoc,

but that it was not his design to return during the life of his uncle.

The stranger being sent for, and privately questioned, repeated in a clear and consistent manner what he had before communicated, confirmed the apprehensions of the uncle that the real Martin Guerre was still absent, and added, that since quitting his wife, he had lost one of his legs in the battle of St. Quintin.

The family alarmed by this account, now saw, or thought they saw, many little circumstances, which had before escaped their notice, but all tending to prove that the man with whom Mrs. Guerre cohabited, and by whom she had had two children, was not in fact her lawful husband.

But they found it extremely difficult to convince the deluded female of her mistake; and she loudly and with tears insisted that her present domestic companion was her first love, her real and original husband; it was not till several months that the unhappy woman was at length prevailed on to prosecute the impostor.

He was taken into custody and imprisoned by the order of the criminal judge of Rieux, and a time fixed for examining the evidence, and hearing what Du Tilb had to offer in his defence.

On the day appointed, the offender was brought into court, followed by a number of people whose curiosity was naturally excited; the deposition of the traveller, concerning the absent Martin Guerre, was first read; the uncle, the sisters, and many of the inhabitants of Sagias, were next closely questioned on their oath; some declared that the prisoner was not Martin Guerre, others as positively insisted that he was the identical person, corroborating their testimony by many collateral circumstances; but the greater number averred without scruple that the resemblance between the two, if two there were, was so great, that it was not in their power to distinguish; the weight of evidence was thought by many to preponderate in favour of the prisoner.

The judge demanding of him what he had to say in his defence, he answered, without embarrassment, that the whole was a conspiracy of the uncle and a certain part of the family, who, taking advantage of the easy temper and weak understanding of his wife, had contrived the story in order to be rid of him, and to get possession of his property, which he valued at eight thousand livres.

The uncle, he observed, had for some time taken a dislike to him, had frequently assaulted him, and in one instance would have killed him by the stroke of an iron bar on his head, had he not fortunately parried the blow.

The remark of the prisoner on the weakness of his wife's understanding, served to diminish the surprise of the court at her being so easily duped, nor indeed could they blame any relation for endeavouring in any manner they were able, to expel the violator of the wife and property of their kinsman.

Du Tilb then proceeded to inform the court of the reasons which first induced him to quit his house and family; related minutely where, how, and with whom he had passed his time; that he had served in the French army seven years, and on his régiment being disbanded, had entered into the Spanish service, from which, being impatient to see his wife, and sorely repenting that he had ever quitted her, at a considerable expense he procured his discharge, and made the best of his way to Artigues. At this place, notwithstanding his long absence and the loss of his hair, he was directly and universally recognized by his old acquaintance, and received with transports of joy by his wife and sisters, particularly by his uncle; although that unnatural and cruel relation had now thought proper to stir up the present prosecution against him.

The prisoner, in consequence of certain leading questions from the judge, gave a minute description of the situation and peculiar circumstances of the place in Biscay, where he said he was born (still insisting that he was Martin Guerre) mentioning the names, ages, and occupations of the relations he had left there, the year, the day, and the month of his marriage, also the persons who were present at the ceremony, as well as those who dined with them; which on referring to collateral evidence, were found to tally.

On the other hand, forty-five reputable and creditable witnesses, who were well acquainted with Martin Guerre and Arnold du Tilb, swore that the prisoner was not and could not be Martin; one of these, Carbon Barreau, maternal uncle of Du Tilb, acknowledged his nephew with tears, and observing that he was fettered like a malefactor, bitterly lamented the disgrace it would bring upon his family.

These persons also insisted that Martin Guerre was tall, of a slender make, and as

persons of that form frequently are, awkward and sloping in his gait; that he had a remarkable way of protruding and hanging down his under lip; that his nose was flat and that several scars were to be seen on his left eyebrow, and other parts of his face.

On the contrary, they observed that Du Tilb was a middle-sized well-set man, upright, with thick legs, a well-formed nose, and without anything remarkable about his mouth or lips; they agreed that his countenance exhibited the same scars as that of Martin.

The shoemaker, who had for many years furnished Guerre with shoes, being called, deposed, that his foot reached the twelfth size, but that the prisoner's was rather short of the ninth; it further appeared that he formerly had, from his early youth, been dexterous at cudgelling and wrestling, of which the impostor was wholly ignorant.

As a strong circumstance against the person accused, it was added that his manner of speaking, and the sort of language he used, though at times artfully interlarded with patois and unintelligible gibberish, was very different from that which used to be spoken by the real Martin Guerre, who being a Biscayan, spoke not wholly Spanish, wholly French, nor wholly Gascon, but a curious mixture of each; a sort of language called the Basque.

Lastly, and what seemed to make an impression on the court, the prosecutors referred to the internal evidences of the offender's character, which, they proved, had been from his childhood vicious and incorrigible in the extreme: they produced satisfactory proofs of his being hardened in all manner of wickedness and uncleanness; a common swearer and blasphemer, a notorious profligate, every way capable of the crime laid to his charge.

The accusation lay heavy upon the prisoner, a pause ensued for deliberation, and the court fatigued by a long and patient examination of a host of witnesses, took refreshment; the town-house being still crowded by persons impatient to give their testimony in behalf of the prisoner, whom they considered & pitied as an injured man.

The first parties next examined astonished the judge and staggered the whole court. They were the four sisters of Martin Guerre, all reputed to be women of sound understanding, and of character unblemished; they positively swore that the man in custody was "their dear brother Martin." Two of their husbands, and thirty-five persons born or brought up in the neighborhood corroborated their assertions; among others, Catherine Boere, who carried Martin and his wife the medianche, or, as an Englishman would call it, the sack-posset, after they were put to bed on their wedding-night, declared, as she hoped for everlasting salvation, that the prisoner, and the man she saw in bed with the bride, were the same person.

The majority of these last witnesses also deposed, that Martin Guerre had two scars in his face, and that the nail of his forefinger, on the left hand, in consequence of a wound received in his childhood, grew across the top of his finger; and he had three warts on the back of his right hand towards the knuckles, and another on his little finger; the judge ordered the culprit to stretch forth both his hands, which were found to agree with this description.

It further appeared that, on his first arrival at Artigues, the prisoner addressed most of the inhabitants by name, and recalled to the memory of those who had forgotten him, several circumstances with respect to the village, on the subject of births, marriages, and deaths; which had happened ten, fifteen, and twenty years before; he also spoke to his wife (as he still insisted she was) of certain circumstances of a very peculiar nature.

He who could give an assumed character so strong a resemblance to reality, and so dexterously clothe falsehood in the robes of truth, was no common impostor; like other great villains, he must have been a man of abilities.

To add to the perplexities of this business, the wife being called, her pretended husband solemnly addressed and called on her, as she valued peace of mind here, and everlasting happiness hereafter, to speak truth without fear or affection, that he would submit to instant death without repining if she would swear that he was not her real husband; the woman replied that she would by no means take an oath on the occasion, at the same time, she would not give credit to any thing he could say.

The evidence on both sides being closed, and the defence of the prisoner having been heard, the judge pronounced Arnold du Tilb guilty, and sentenced him to suffer death; but the culprit appealed to the parliament of Toulouse, who not long after ordered a copy of the proceedings, and the convict, to be forthwith transmitted to them.

The parliament, at that period a court of justice as well as registry of royal edicts, wisely determined to take no decisive step in the business till they had endeavored to get sight of and secure the man with a wooden leg, as described by the traveller; the uncle strenuously insisted that he and no other was his long-lost nephew.

A commission was called to examine the papers and call for new evidence, if necessary; descriptions of the person and circumstances of Martin Guerre, the absent husband, were also circulated throughout the kingdom. At length, after several months had elapsed and considerable pains had been taken, the absentee was fortunately discovered in a distant province, conveyed to Toulouse, and ordered into close custody, with particular directions that he should have no intercourse with any person whatever, even at his meals, but in the presence of one of the commissioners, who ordered an additional lock to the door of the room in which he was confined, and themselves kept the key.

A day was fixed for a solemn and final re-hearing, and a list of such witnesses as would be required to appear before the parliament, was in the mean time sent to Rieux for the purpose of preventing the trouble and expense of conveying to Toulouse; so large a number of persons who had crowded the court and streets of Rieux.

The parliament assembled at an early hour; the former proceedings were read; the prisoner still persisted in asserting his innocence, and complained of the hardship and injuries he had suffered.

The real Martin Guerre now walked into court on his wooden leg, and Du Tilb being asked if he knew him, undauntedly answered, "No!" The injured husband reproaching the impostor for the perfidiousness of his conduct, in basely taking advantage of the frankness of an old companion, and depriving him of his wife and property, Du Tilb retorted the charge on his accuser.

The present was thought a curious instance of audacity contrasted with simplicity of heart and unassuming manner; an impudent and flagitious adventurer who had for several years enjoyed the wife and property of another, and, in the face of his country, endeavoring to persuade the injured man out of his name and personal identity: it was further observed that the gesture, deportment, air, & mode of speaking of the prisoner were *tout*, consistent, and steady; while those who appeared in the cause of truth were embarrassed, hesitating, confused, and on certain points contradictory in their evidence.

The wife, the four sisters, and the uncle had not yet seen the real Martin Guerre; they were now called into court; the first who entered was the eldest sister, who, the moment she caught sight of the man with a wooden leg, ran and embraced him, exclaiming with tears, "O my dear brother, I now see and acknowledge the error into which this abominable traitor hath betrayed us."

The rest of the family as they approached, confessed in a similar way how much they had been deceived; and the long-lost Martin, mingling his tears with theirs, received their embraces, and heard their penitential apologies with every appearance of tenderness and affection.

But towards his wife he deported himself very differently; she had not yet ventured to come near him, but stood at the entrance of the court trembling and dismayed; one of the sisters, taking her arm, conducted her to Martin, but he viewed her with sternness and aversion, and in reply to the excuses and advances she made, and the intercession of his sisters in her behalf, "that she was herself innocent, but seduced by the arts of a villain," he observed, "her tears and her sorrow was useless; I shall never love her again; it is in vain that you attempt to justify her, from the circumstances of so many others having been deceived,—a wife has always ways of knowing a husband unknown to all the world; in such case as this, it is impossible that a woman can have been imposed on, if she had not entertained a secret wish to be unfaithful. I shall forever regard her as the cause of all my misfortunes, and impute solely to her the whole of my wretchedness and disgrace."

The judge, reminding the angry husband that, if he had remained at home, nothing of what had happened could have ever taken place; recommended lenity & forgiveness.

Du Tilb was pronounced guilty of fraud, adultery, sacrilege, rape, and theft, & condemned to make the *ameute honorable* in the market place of Artigues, in his shirt, with his head and feet bare, a halter round his neck, and a lighted torch in his hand: to demand pardon of God, the King, the nation, and the family whom he had so cruelly deceived: it was further ordered that he should be hanged before the dwel-

ling house of Martin Guerre, and that his body should be burned to ashes; his effects were adjudged to be the property of the children begotten by him on Martin's wife.

The criminal was taken back to Artigues, and as the day of execution approached, was observed to lose his firmness: after a long interview with the curate, he at last confessed his crime, acknowledging that he was first tempted to commit it by being frequently mistaken for and addressed by the name of Martin Guerre; he denied having made use of charms or of magic, as may be suspected, very properly observing, that the same supernatural act which could enable him to carry on his deception, would also have put it in his power to escape punishment.

He was executed according to his sentence, first addressing a few words to Martin Guerre's wife, and died offering up prayers to the Almighty to pardon his sins, through the merits and mediation of Jesus Christ.

This singular narrative is authenticated by the respectable evidence of Gayot de Pitaval, and related in good Latin by the worthy De Thou.

**MARRIAGE.**—Marriage always effects a decided change in the sentiments of those who come within its sacred pale under a proper sense of the responsibilities of the married state. However delightful the intercourse of wedded hearts, there is, to a well regulated mind, something extremely solemn in the duties imposed by this interesting relation. The reflection that an existence which was séparée and independent is ended, and that all its hopes and interests are blended with those of another soul, is deeply affecting, as it imposes the conviction that every act which shall influence the happiness of the one, will colour the destiny of the other. But when the union was that of love, this feeling of dependence is one of the most delightful that can be imagined. It annihilates the habit of selfish enjoyment, and teaches the heart to delight in that which gives pleasure to another. The affections become gradually enlarged; expanding as the ties of relationship and the duties of life accumulate around, until the individual, ceasing to know an isolated existence, lives entirely for others, and for society. But it is the generous and the virtuous alone, who thus enjoy this agreeable relation. Some hearts there are, too callous to give nurture to a delicate sentiment. There are minds too narrow to give play to an extensive benevolence. A degree of magnanimity is necessary to the existence of disinterested love or friendship.—*BORDER TALES.*

**HUMILIATING PICTURE.**—Man may justly entitled the great destroyer and exterminator of life, without regard to time, place or circumstances. By his power the strongest are overcome, by his integrity, the most subtle are circumvented, and their energies of body and mind are made subservient to his necessities or pleasures. He is superior to the whole animal creation in the noblest attributes; but he enjoys one pre-eminence, for which even the lowest have no cause to envy him. All the destructive animals fulfil their dire offices upon creatures of other kind; when the lion leaps from the ambush, it is into the flesh of the wild ox or the antelope, that he buries his claws; when they howl in unison, it is the deer that he is pursuing, when the screams of the eagle sound thrill; when the wild duck beware! Even the insatiable, ferocious tiger keeps aloof from his brethren of the blood. But when the drums roll, and the trumpets clang—when the banner folds are shaken abroad in the air, and the neigh of the charger re-echoes the deep notes of the bugle; then is man, with all his boasted reason, prepared to spill the blood of his brother—to drive his desolating chariot over the faces of his kindred, spread havoc and despair before his path, and leave famine and pestilence to track his footsteps.

Dr. Johnson once said, "that when he happened to be with a knot of young ladies engaged with their needles, he considered himself as in a school of virtue; for he regarded them as thus providing a sanctuary against the most dangerous snares of the soul, by enabling them to banish idleness, its attendant train of passions, fancies, fears, sorrows and desires."

In the moral as in the physical world, the violent is never the lasting—the tree forced into unnatural luxuriance of blossom bears them and dies.

Fanatics think men like bulls—they must be baited to madness ere they are in a fit condition to die.

How little would be our ambition of ornaments, were it not for the pride of each sex, to appear attractive in the eyes of the other.

## THE STANDARD.

To the Editor of the Missiskoui Standard.

Mr. EDITOR:—In your excellent paper of the 1st, your inquisitive correspondent of the "Ridge" not satisfied with the information already afforded him, again presents himself in quest of more on certain points respecting which he is unresolved. Whether O. P. Q. was afraid of choking him outright by complying with his last demand, since his former information almost "stuck in his throat," or whether he was offended at the doubt of his veracity implied in the cautious "if it is true," I know not, but since he has as yet declined to reply, I shall take himself for my example, and endeavour to supply his "lack of service." It is not my affair to fight his battles, though I must say he has but slender reasons to be satisfied with the docility of "I want to know," who is much more of a wicked wag than at first sight might have been suspected. He has managed, certainly, to throw an air of "meek submission" over his last communication and has used such "deferential phrases" as he was taught, yet I strongly suspect, had the paper been endowed with a set of riddles, that it would have been caught indulging a very wickedish sort of grin, and hardly compensating for the mischievous twinkle of the one side with the rueful gravity of the other.

"I want to know" declares that they do not understand "outlandish tongues" on the Ridge, and in consequence, that he does not comprehend the meaning of "tremor mentis," the dear man's Quebec distemper, and I grieve to say that we are very similarly situated here on the hill, for our School masters in this quarter speak nothing but their mother tongue. I have a neighbour, however, from the land of all sorts of learning, who studied various foreign languages in his youth, and he assures me that "tremor mentis" is pure "pig latin," and that its meaning in English is "the Gripes of Conscience." To tell the sober truth, my neighbor who is a blunt honest yankee, gave another interpretation which it is a sad tax upon my modesty to utter, he gravely assured me that it might be more plainly translated a—"mental belly-ache." Trusting that the very natural and innocent ignorance of the Ridger is now enlightened on one point, through the kindness of my learned friend who expects to be made a "Squire" by the "elective principle," I will try to make a light shine upon the other two dark spots without his help.

It was not, then, the applauded by unanimous resolution "who voted on both sides to make sure for once" but Mr. Granny, the honourable tavern keeper of Stanstead, and I am happy to say that the dear man is as innocent of this inconsistency as he is of the sin of extortion, and sorry to add that it argued quite as much mischief as "meekness" on the part of "I want to know" to make this charge where it so little applies.

Respecting the last point of inquiry I hardly know what to say, it is too atrocious to be thought of with calmness. Does "I want to know" forget that this is the 19th century? that this is supposed to be a civilized country?...and that it has hitherto been supposed that the decencies of social life are not altogether wanting among us? He surely must have forgotten, or he never could have, by implication, accused the chosen and approved of a moral and religious community,—the man whose conduct has been solemnly approbated in "Union Chapel" where the truth only should be spoken, of a low, degrading, and profligate vice; that is only to be found in the vilest haunts of profligacy, profanity, and blackguardism.—The Ridge man may assure himself that his worthy representative is no swearer, and that the charge infamous as it is, and reproachful to the county as it would be were it true, arises from a mistake which I am happy to be able at once to rectify.... The honourable member is frequently heard to call out in an earnest and animated tone "my good God," and to use other similar expressions, and so the uncharitable world sets him down for nothing short of a swearer. But no, the faithful servant of the public has lately been very religiously given, a fact that must be well known on the "Ridge," and it is only the fervour of a new or an old conversion that hurries him to rather intemperate lengths, and urges him not to swear, but merely to say his prayers aloud.

If this information shall prove satisfactory to "I want to know," it will be a great satisfaction to a

SUBSTITUTE.

Pigeon-hill, Sept. 8th, 1835.

From Galignani's Messenger.

FRANCE.

ATTEMPT UPON THE KING'S LIFE BY AN INFERNAL MACHINE.

Paris, July 29.

It is with the deepest concern that we lay before our readers the details of the above horrible event, that took place at the review yesterday.—After having passed along the Boulevards to the point at which the National Guards and the troops were drawn up, his Majesty, accompanied by the Duke of Orleans, the Duke de Nemours, the Prince de Joinville, and a numerous and brilliant staff, was returning along the same line to the Place Vendome, where the troops were to file off before him. At twelve, at the moment when he had reached the Boulevard du Temple, a little before the Theatre des Funambules, a tremendous explosion, resembling irregular platoon firing was heard. At first it was supposed to be a discharge of fire-works, but the falling and cries of the victims soon revealed the reality, and excessive confusion ensued—an infernal machine had just poured forth a shower of balls upon the cortège that surrounded the King! Martial Mortier, Duke de Trevise

fell and expired without uttering a word. Several other officers and some of the National Guards were also killed, and a considerable number of persons wounded. The falling of some horses, among which was that of Marshal Mortier, and the capering of others, added to the tumult, which it would be difficult to describe.

During this scene, the King, whose arm had been grazed by a bullet, and whose horse had received a wound in the neck, maintained the calmness by which he is distinguished, and displayed remarkable courage by riding up in the direction of the house from which the explosion came. After the first emotion had passed, the cortège continued its route amidst shouts of joy for the preservation of the King's life, and threats of vengeance against the assassins. The bodies of the slain and the persons who were wounded were immediately carried to the Café Turc opposite, where medical assistance was immediately afforded to such as were still alive. Smoke was seen to proceed from the third story of the house No. 50, on the Boulevard du Temple, of which the ground floor and first floor are occupied by a wine dealer named Parat. Each story consists of one chamber, which is lighted by a single window in front. The room in which the machine was constructed is very small, its dimensions being only six and a half feet by seven.

The machine was made with great skill, of wood, with iron braces, and extremely solid. Two uprights supported two cross bars of wood, placed parallel to the window, and in these were formed grooves, in which were laid twenty-five gun-barrels. The front cross bar, placed at about a foot from the window, was rather lower than that behind, so that the balls might reach the body of a man on horseback in the middle of the Boulevard. The charge was so heavy that five out of twenty-five barrels had burst, notwithstanding they were very substantial and new. The assassin was immediately taken into custody. About three months ago he hired the rooms of the 2nd and 3d stories of M. Dalleagne, the proprietor. He gave his name Girard, a mechanician, and appears to be about twenty-four years of age. His room had a window in front and another behind, and he had taken the precaution to fasten a rope to the latter to assist him in making his escape. By the bursting of some of the barrels, at the moment of the explosion, the assassin was wounded in the forehead, the neck, and the lip. Notwithstanding his wounds he rushed out of the window.

Some Polish officers having ran into the inner court, and seeing Girard slipping down the rope, one of them exclaimed: 'Ah wretch! we have you.' Girard, who was at the moment at the height of a wall, threw himself over into an adjoining court, and there a police officer apprehended him. He was placed upon a hand-barrow, and conveyed to the Conciergerie. The minister of the interior, the prefect of police, and several magistrates went to the house, and in the assassin's chamber they found the remains of the infernal machine still smoking, a straw bed and a fire lighted. A delay of half a second perhaps in the explosion saved the life of the King....The cortège advanced in the following order:...The King, the Prince de Joinville, the duke of Orleans, the duke de Nemours, marshal Lobau, and Marshal Mortier. All those in the cortège who were wounded were nearly on the same line as marshal Mortier. The news of the attempt was rapidly propagated through the capital, and produced a powerful sensation. General de Rumigny, aid-de-camp to the King, set off full gallop to inform the Queen that his majesty and the princess had escaped the danger, fearing that she might be seriously alarmed if she had heard of the event from any one that had not witnessed it....In passing along the lines he mentioned to several officers what had occurred, and soon there was not a soldier that remained ignorant of it. As the troops of the line did not extend to the Boulevard du Temple, they were ordered to shift in that direction, that they might be ready to act in case of any attempt at disturbance.

At the moment of filing off before the King, the National Guards shouted *Vive le Roi!* which was answered by the troops of the line; The guards of the 8th legion, which had lost some of its officers and men added cries of *A bas les assassins!* The King returned to the Tuilleries about five o'clock; evidently deeply affected by the scene he had witnessed. During the whole of the afternoon and evening crowds flock out of curiosity to the melancholy spot, in consequence of which a strong detachment of municipal guards was stationed there to keep the peace. The following are the persons whose lives have been ascertained to have been sacrificed. Marshall the duke de Trevise, struck in the heart by a ball; General de Lachasse de Terigny, struck on the forehead by a ball; Captain Villate, aid-de-camp to Marshall Maison; Lieut. Col. Rieussee, of the 8th legion, struck by three balls; Messrs. Prudhomme, Richard, Leger, and Benetier, grenadiers of the 8th legion; a colonel in the army, two citizens, a woman and a child, whose names we are unable to learn.

Galignani's Messenger of the 30th says:—The number of victims is much more considerable than was at first believed. Several persons wounded were immediately taken to their homes, and therefore were not included in the list before published. The number of killed and wounded is said to be thirty-four, including sixteen who died immediately, or subsequently perished from their wounds. Among them was M. Labronste, aged seventy, a member of the legion of honor, one of the eldest receivers

of taxes of Paris. His wounds are very serious, but hopes are entertained that his life may be saved. Out of eight persons carried to the hospital St. Louis, four have undergone amputation.

The following are additional particulars that we have been able to collect on the attempt of yesterday:

Girard has confessed his crime, but maintains that he had no accomplices; two white hats of different sizes were, however, found in the room, which would indicate that at least two parties were cognizant to the construction of the infernal engine. The assassin concealed his preparation by Persian blinds, and did not unmash his machine till the moment the King was passing before the house. It is presumed he had not made his calculations of distance with sufficient precision, and that the time required for opening the window caused his project to fail. All the barrels that were discharged were fired at the same moment, by means of a train of gunpowder running to the touch holes. Each barrel contained at least six balls, and the charge filled eight inches; this has been ascertained by an examination of those that missed fire. The fire that burst did so with such force that the walls of the room were much damaged. A journal of this morning states the death of the assassin last night, but we have ascertained that this is not the fact, and that it is fully expected he will survive the effects of the wounds.

The Queen with the princesses, was at the residence of the minister of justice, in the Place Vendome, to witness the filing off of the troops, when General de Rumigny brought her the news of what had taken place on the Boulevard du Temple. It was at first thought that it would be prudent to conceal it from her till after the review, but her majesty could not help seeing, from the countenance of all those who approached her, that some very serious misfortune had happened, and M. Guizot and the keeper of the seals acquainted her with what had occurred. As the King had resolved to continue the review, and, consequently did not make his appearance in the Place Vendome for some time after, it was impossible to convince her majesty that he and his sons were uninjured, and it is impossible to describe the agonies of mind she endured. The dutchess de Broglie coming in, the Queen threw herself into her arms, and having found relief in tears, became sufficiently calm to listen to the assurances given her that they were safe; and then she lamented sincerely the losses that had been really sustained. As many of the wives and daughters of the officers, who were in attendance on the King, were in the same saloon, and as it was known that several of the officers had been mortally wounded, a melancholy scene continued till several aides-de-camp arrived with particulars, which put an end to the misery of suspense, and made known the misfortunes which each had sustained. On leaving the Queen, General de Rumigny went to the family of Marshall Mortier to announce the great loss they had sustained. It would be in vain to attempt to describe the affecting interview. It is a singular fact that the Marshall's family, fearing the consequences of heat and fatigue, had endeavoured to induce him not to attend the review; but the Marshall, who was remarkable for his stature, and alluding to that and the reports of intended attempt on the King's life, which had been current for several days, said, 'No, no, I must go: for I am tall, and may perhaps cover the king.'

When Marshall Mortier was struck, M. Theirs was so close to him that he was covered with the blood of the illustrious victim.

General Pelet's wound is an inch and a half wide, and down to the bone. Speedy bleeding has had a beneficial effect, and he is doing well. The form and dimensions of the wound show that the barrels of the infernal machine were not only loaded with bullets, but also with slugs.

General Blin had two fingers amputated at the Café de la Gaite. Two gendarmes, named Roussel and Royer, were wounded and had their horses killed under them.

Colonel Raffe, who belonged to the gendarmes of the Seine, received a ball in the left side, but was able to keep his seat in the saddle for some time, when he fainted, and fell from the horse.—He was taken into the restaurant of the Cadran Bleu. After about two hours he was visited by Colonel Feisthamel, to whom he said, 'You are the first of our friends who has come to me. I know I have not more than two hours to live, but tell me whether the King is wounded or not?'—'No, neither he nor any of the princes,'—'Give me your word of honor.' 'I swear it.' 'Well! Vive le Roi!' The bad luck is mine. Colonel Raffe died, we regret to state, in the course of the evening.

An immense number of persons of all ranks pressed to the Tuilleries yesterday evening, and it was observed that all the ambassadors and foreign ministers in Paris presented themselves.

At six o'clock the King and Queen broke from the numerous visitors with whom the Tuilleries was crowded, and went in a close carriage, unattended by any escort, to offer consolation to the Dutches de Trevise.

In Paris, on the 28th, a grand dinner was given at the Tuilleries, at which all the Ambassadors and foreign Ministers were present. At dinner and throughout the evening the King displayed the utmost calmness. He frequently expressed in affecting terms his regret at the death of Marshal Mortier and the other victims of the day.

After the review, the King paid a visit to General Heynes, who had been carried to the Tuilleries.

At the moment the explosion took place, the King had inclined slightly on one side to receive a petition.

The Duke de Broglie received a bullet through the collar of his coat.

Girard, the assassin, was employed as a dealer in second hand articles of all kinds, and was more particularly engaged in cleaning and repairing fire arms, and is a very able and skilful workman. He was known among his companions to entertain legitimate opinions, and it was believed that he received a pension from the Dutches of Angouleme. He is 39 years of age. Notwithstanding the serious nature of his wounds, he is expected to recover, and is now able to converse. Being questioned as to his motives for committing such a crime, and urged to declare whether he had any accomplices, he fully admitted his guilt, and said he knew his fate was inevitable; but as to his motives, he confines himself to saying that he disliked the King, and farther declared, that were he even put to the torture, he could not name his accomplices, for in fact, and in truth, he had none. Nevertheless, a woman who resides behind the house, has deposited, that in an instant after the explosion she saw two men, both wounded, making their escape.

From the Moniteur.

The government has decided that one funeral shall be formed of all the victims of yesterday, instead of taking place separately. The day fixed was to-morrow, but it was thought that the necessary preparation will not allow the melancholy ceremony to take place before Friday.

The melancholy feeling produced by the lamentable event of yesterday is forcibly expressed by most of the shops in the capital being closed this morning.

A commissary of police went last night to the printing office of the Charivari, and ordered the compositors not to finish the journal.

Several officers of police went about six o'clock yesterday afternoon to the office of the "Reformateur," with a warrant to arrest M. Raspail, the principal editor of that journal, and orders to search for and seize every thing which was susceptible of examination. Mr. Raspail was, however, in the country, but the officers carried away all the papers, letters, and books they found on the editor's table. At midnight the officers returned with another warrant, and arrested M. Eugene Raspail, the nephew of the principal editor, who is employed upon the journal, and was taken to the prefecture of police.

## MISSISKOUI STANDARD.

FREIGHTSBURG, SEPT. 22, 1835.

TO ADVERTISERS. From our rates of advertising, and from our unprecedented and daily increasing circulation, Advertisers in Montreal and elsewhere will find the Standard, superior to any other paper, as a means of circulating Advertisements in this section of the Eastern Townships.

The superiority of the Eastern Townships, over Upper Canada, as a home for the emigrant, may be visible at a glance.

The expense of reaching the Eastern Townships, is nothing, as compared with that of proceeding to the West. On arriving at Quebec, the troubles of the emigrant, more particularly if he has a family, may be said to have only commenced.

Many emigrants make up their minds, before leaving home, to proceed to the Upper Province; this is wrong, it but multiplies the troubles with which his path is beset. Two days journey from the St. Lawrence, and a few dollars, would convey himself and family into a country, the fertility and beauty of which cannot be surpassed; but he instead, wedged to the ideas constantly forced upon him by interested individuals, rather undertakes a laborious journey, which must consume weeks of his time, and much of his money. The mind of man is constantly bent upon the consideration of some distant good; the ease of the emigrant is no inapt illustration of the remark. He keeps his eyes firmly set on the expected golden harvests of the West; he will not partake of the plenty, that wells at his feet.

He has accustomed himself to think only of Upper Canada, and he finds it a labor to open his mind to any fresh idea. Did he reach our shores, unprejudiced, indifferent as to the selection of any particular place for his future home, and anxious only to choose the best, he would be better fitted to inquire, compare, and decide. As it is, he uses only his ears in choosing his residence, he seems to forget that it would profit him more to make use of his eyes.

A rich and fertile kingdom lies before him, wooing him to possess and enjoy, but he sees it not; wrapt in the mantle in which his notions of the West has wound him, he sees nothing but the West, and blindly hurries on to take up his habitation in its "pathless wilds." Yet we would

not have him decide on fixing his abode in the Eastern Townships, without due inquiry. Let him inquire at every step of his progress.

He will find, in the first place, that in the Townships there is not one endemic disease—no disease of the country; in Upper Canada the disease of the country is ague. Every emigrant is so liable to be seized with this debilitating disease, that the expenses attending it may with certainty enter into his calculations on settlement. Asiatic cholera, which has spared no nation, and was frightfully severe along the banks of the St. Lawrence, and through Upper Canada, was hardly seen in the Eastern Townships. This we think sufficiently proves the superior salubrity of our climate.

We pay no direct taxes of any description whatever. In Upper Canada direct taxes on various descriptions of property are levied; the amount of taxes may there be small, if compared with those in Britain, but small as they are, they are still a great deal more than nothing. In the Townships, "every man lives under his own fig tree," the fruits of the earth are his own—no unwelcome visitant in the shape of a taxgatherer calls on him for a sixpence, he is emphatically the lord of his own soil.

Our roads are excellent. They are equal to the non-turnpike roads of Scotland and similar in circumstances. The facilities for getting to market are naturally great and in the course of a short time will be made greater by art. An emigrant, next season, when the Laprairie rail road will have been completed, may leave Montreal, and in the course of a couple of hours be in St. Johns, at which place a steamboat will be in readiness to convey him to Philipsburg on Missiskoui Bay. This place he will reach about three hours after leaving St. Johns, and he is now in the Townships, in the County of Missiskoui.

The Royal Commissioners have commenced their labors. What are the English inhabitants of Rouville doing? Why is it, that they are not in motion, to have the English part of the county separated from the French?

The British Government must see that it is by an increase of English members alone, that this colony can be torn from the fangs of the English hating clique. The English in the Western counties, bordering on these Townships, are virtually disfranchised. They never can get the men of their choice, and they never will, unless they bestir themselves.

From the size of Rouville county and from the number of French in the French portion of it, the English are not able to obtain a representative; now is their time for action. They must petition the Royal Commissioners, they must shew the importance to England, of erecting, by all means, additional counties, by which Englishmen may be returned to the Assembly, they must point out the political degradation, to which they are subjected, and there is no doubt of the issue.

The institutions of the United States are certainly noble,—so are the people, if murder, robbery and wilful fire raising have any share in the act of ennobling. The band of murderers, called "the Committee of Vigilance," seem to have "used up" the greatest part of the materials, originally afforded them, in the shape of gamblers, insurrectionists, &c.; and the Editor of the Louisiana Journal, not content with the degree of infamy to which the southern States have, in the eyes of foreign nations, consigned themselves, by the late atrocities of their people, endeavors to goad them on to greater excesses,—excesses from which the heart turns away with sickening horror. The reign of terror is supreme in the United States, and acts, for which even Robespierre would have blushed, are not only advised but actually executed. "We may look for incendiary packages," says the Editor of the Louisiana Journal, on 20th August, "by every steam boat which arrives, and by proper watching the agents of the abolitionists may be detected. Should any such be found among us but a short time will be allowed them to settle their worldly affairs." Horrible! Is not that man, in the eye of Almighty God and of his fellow creatures, a *socius criminis* a participant in the foulest crime that disgraces humanity, a murderer and the abettor or murderer? Let a man be but suspected of reading, or of giving to others to read, publications, as solemnly authorised by the United States government as any other publications, and "little time" is "allowed him to settle his worldly affairs."

Listen to the following amiable suggestion. "We suggest," says he again, "we would

suggest the propriety of having four or five respectable citizens to visit every steam boat that arrives, with instructions to seize upon every dangerous publication that can be found on board and deliver them, and every claimant of such publication to the executive committee." The Committee of executioners would have been a more appropriate term.

Here then is the amount of liberty in the United States. Every steam boat that arrives—is ordered under arrest, not by legal officers, but by 'four or five' of a mob, 'respectable citizens,' too; every individual on board is searched by these Grand Inquisitors, his papers are seized, and himself hurried away to the gallows.

Listen to the Louisiana Journal once more:

"Again we say to our fellow-citizens, if any one of these known abolitionists, should be found among us, no matter what may be his pretence for coming here, our safety requires that he should be led to instant execution, without the form of trial. A knowledge of his character, should be his death warrant."

A person is 'known' to possess the feelings of man, he is known to commiserate the poor slave under the lash, 'the tear of pity but dims his eye'—and he is—led to instant execution, without the form of trial."—Most horrible!

The prospect before the Constitutionalists of Canada, if the British Government, persist in the damnable policy of concession, will not be to be envied.

On the one hand, we will be compelled to throw ourselves into the arms of the United States, now in a state of anarchy, or on the other we will be obliged to yield up our property, our liberties, and our lives to the tender mercies of Frenchmen. It is a choice of evils, yet no Englishman can hesitate between them if Britain disavows us.

By the one we retain our honor, we are governed by Englishmen; by the other we would sink ourselves to a state of degradation not for an instant to be thought of. We may be the subjects of a despotism, but never shall the despot be a Frenchman.

We understand the quantity of lumber, exported to the southern markets, from the Township of Stanbridge alone in this country, will amount in value to several hundred thousand dollars. We have heard \$800,000 mentioned.

In our neighborhood the crop of spring wheat is fully an average; winter wheat has been much damaged by the worm, some fields were cut down when green for fodder. Rye will scarcely prove an average crop. Indian corn has improved greatly by the dry weather of last week. Potatoes in general promise well:

*Serious Accident.*—Matthew Finigan, an Irishman from the neighborhood of Sligo, by trade a Tailor, met his death under very distressing circumstances. On the 12th inst. while in the field sawing wood, he and his companion were endeavoring to pull a log which lay across another one, in order to swing it along side. The log, instead of revolving on the other as a fulcrum, rolled upon it, in the direction of its length, in consequence of the declivity of the ground, carrying Finigan before it. Its course was stopped by a third log, but the unfortunate man's head was caught between them, and shocking to relate, his brains were instantly squeezed out! He resided near the village of LaCle and has left a widow and three children to bemoan his loss.

Why is Dunham Flat in the Province of Lower Canada like the Plain of Dura in the Province of Babylon? ... You can't tell, eh?

Because people, nations and languages are there commanded, at what time they heard the sound of the trumpet of sedition, to fall down and worship the Golden Image\* which French hated to Britain had set up on the Altar of "Union Chapel."

\* £1,000 a year.

QUIR.

We learn that the sales of two Seigniories in the lower part of the District have been lately completed in the American market, by payment of the bonds, and that the holder, a gentleman of this city, has cleared upwards of 6000 pounds on the bargains. One or two other bonds may still be paid. The water privileges on a river, below, are said also to have been purchased, and the purchaser is laying out "a considerable of money" in improvements.

*Old Quebec Gazette.*

We are happy to announce the appearance of a weekly paper in the German language, entitled the "Canada Museum und Allgemeine Zeitung," published at Berlin, in the Township of Waterloo, and edited by Henry Wm. Peterson.

The printing establishment is owned by a company of stockholders, who have advanced their money for the term of five years without interest. The Editor has a right to purchase the concern by repaying the sums advanced by the present proprietors, in instalments of at least 2 dollars annually to each stockholder if required. Interest to be charged on the amount remaining due at the expiration of five years.—*Christian Guardian.*

From the Old Queb. Gaz.

PROVINCIAL PARLIAMENT

OF

LOWER CANADA.

HOUSE OF ASSEMBLY.

OSTROM'S HOTEL, THREE RIVERS, SEP-

TEMBER 8TH.

(From our Private Correspondent.)

Arrived this day from Montreal, in the steamer *Canada*, thirty Members of the House of Assembly of this Province. Mr. Papineau, the Speaker, took the Chair after dinner in the afternoon, in the room adjoining the tap-room. Mr Coulson, the Sergeant-at-arms, had not come up: one of the bar-men attended *pro tempore*. The House sat with closed doors, and I have heard it stated, though I cannot, of course, assert it is true, that some animated discussion took place, without the division having been divulged, the Members having previously taken the usual oath to sit in secret, so that their constituents may not have the means of knowing what they do, and that they may more agreeably surprise them when they are informed of it.

What rather surprised some people, it is rumoured that, although all on one side, none of the other side being admitted to the secrets of sitting, they could not altogether agree, though there appears little doubt that they will, as the oracle of yesterday, from Montreal (I since find), has in his newspaper, declared "that they do still adhere to the opinion, that the Commission is a mere humbug," and "kick to the devil" the royal proclamation of His Majesty William the 4th.

From the disposition I witnessed among a few of them coming out of the Hotel, I am much, very much afraid,—nay, I am very glad the Commissioners are not here, for they would apply the same remedy in rather a more serious way, to their excellencies.

WEDNESDAY FORENOON, 9TH SEPT.  
This morning the Members have not yet met, but their aspect is very menacing, and they hold forth in the streets, together. I was surprised to find that Mr. De Witt left our city for Quebec. Some maliciously said that he was going to "raise the wind" at that place for contingencies. I think some shaving promissory notes must have been brought down.—But let Ostrom look to that.

I will keep you in information with this novelty by every boat, and every post. Dr. Xavier Tessier alone was the fit representative of Quebec.

So adieu, My dear Sir,  
YOUR CORRESPONDENT.

Township Reformers, true blue. The following resolutions were passed at a meeting in the Township of Dudswell, called especially for "Reformers."

2. That this meeting is fully confident that his Majesty's Government, will use every means in their power, to adjust the differences, to the satisfaction of all, without sacrificing the interests of any class of his Majesty's subjects in this province.

3. That this meeting is fully aware that a reform is wanting in various departments in this province, as well in the House of Assembly as elsewhere, which reform we will use all constitutional means to obtain.

4. That this meeting is of opinion, that the formation of what are denominated reform Associations, instead of leading to a speedy and amicable adjustment of the difficulties, now unfortunately existing in this province, only tend to embarrass the settlement, and prolong the continuance of the same.

5. That while the individuals composing this meeting, fully recognize the right of every man to express his own opinion, in his own way—they conceive it to be due to themselves to declare that any Association, formed in the Township of Dudswell, purporting to effect a change in the Constitution of this province, will be in opposition to the wishes and expressed opinions of a large majority of the inhabitants thereof.

From the New Orleans Bee.

Affairs begin to look serious in Ohio and Michigan. Three thousand men are ordered out in Ohio. The Detroit Journal says—The Legislative Council have made an appropriation of three hundred and ten thousand dollars for the purpose of defending the southern frontiers from the encroachments of Ohio. We understand that this fund is placed in the hands of the Acting Governor, to be disposed of as he may think proper.

Mr. Soullage, a respectable sugar planter in Atakanas, when returning a few days since from a visit to a neighbour, and passing a bridge on the bayou Teche, had the contents of a gun lodged in his body. Although he did not immediately die, it is feared that he was mortally wounded.

On the 20th August, two dead bodies were found opposite the plantation of Mr. Lusseps—one a white man, who had received three wounds from a dagger, one in the heart, one in the shoulder, and a third on the head; and the other a negro, who had been bereft of his cranium.

On Sunday, a slave belonging to John M. Bach, was stabbed by a person, who was immediately arrested; and on Sunday night, a fellow being pursued by the 6th ward patrol, shut himself up in a house at the corner of Tchaptoulas and Gravier streets; and when close set, he pushed open the door, fired at and wounded two or three of his assailants. He was arrested.

Respectable—There are but few words in our language, more misused than this. Wealth is so often thought to be the main constituent of respectability, that when an exception is designed to be understood, it must be distinctly expressed. The universal newspaper phrase, in such cases, is,

OHIO AND MICHIGAN.—We have been shown a letter from Perry County Ohio, written, says the Harrisburg Intelligencer, by a respectable citizen of that State to a gentleman in that place, from which we copy the following:

Somerset, Perry Co., Ohio,

August 18, 1835.

Respected Friend,—Ohio is all tumult and fire against the proceedings of the citizens of Michigan Territory. There is a SECRET movement of our troops. Our Rifle Regiment have this morning got orders to parade, and hold itself ready at a moment's warning. Ohio says with one voice, go and relieve our citizens. How this matter will terminate is unknown—unless the General Government puts a stop to the outrage of the Territory, there will be bloody work. It is thought there will be a call for 15,000 Rifle and Horse—all ready and willing.

Trouble in Haverhill.—On Sunday evening, Mr. May, the Abolitionist lecturer, attempted to hold forth in Haverhill, Mass. When the hour arrived, the meeting house was filled with numbers of both sexes, and the lecturer commenced his discourse, when a volley of stones and lighted fire crackers were showered through the windows into the pulpit, and upon the congregation, which immediately dispersed. A piece of ordnance was brought upon the spot, probably to frighten the congregation.... *Brigg's Bulletin.*

Pretty nice, Truly.—A Southern Postmaster writes to a friend in this city as follows: "Yesterday, while examining the mail in search of 'incendiaries' I discovered a letter written on a beautiful sheet of pink paper. I broke it open and lo, and behold it was a love letter from an old friend Miss —— to young —— of this village. It would make you laugh to read it." Only hear the impudent scoundrel. He not only assumes the responsibility of searching the U. S. Mail, but would make public the contents of a private love letter. Shades of Washington! Where are your liberties. If this is the game that our Southern neighbors intend to play upon us they will hear us beginning to talk about "the chivalry of the North" before long.—*U. S. Paper.*

The leading article of the Richmond Compiler of the 2nd inst. details some of the particulars wherein the treatment of the slaves has become more rigorous in the south in consequence of the alarm felt on the abolition question. Among other things it is said, "preachers are forbidden to preach to slaves, and any white man (a stranger) found in any negro quarters or conversing with negroes on the road, will be considered as a vagabond and treated accordingly!" A dozen lines below this the Richmond Compiler puts forth, as an aphorism peculiarly deserving the consideration of the abolitionists, this sentiment—"The God of Justice sanctifies no evil as a step towards good." We wonder if this saying was duly pondered before the regulation was instituted interdicting the slaves from having the gospel preached to them; or does the slave holder's right of property include the souls as well as bodies of the poor negroes?—*New York Eve. Post.*

The Royal Commission had, we learn, a sitting in the Public Offices' building, Place d'Armes, on Tuesday, and examined some public officers on different points, with a view to obtain certain information. His Excellency Lord Gosford and Sir George Gipps sat; Fred. J. Elliot, Esquire, the Secretary, attended.... *Old Quebec Gazette.*

The 'elective principle' makes steady progress. The Honorable D. B. Viger is said to have permitted the grand jury at the late Quarter Sessions to choose their own foreman; and one Boucherville, chief sweep of the city, petitioned the Court of King's Bench to confer on the grand jury, of which he was a member, a similar privilege. The Court very cruelly turned a deaf ear to the chief sweep's petition, and appointed the chief sweep himself as foreman. He pleaded his public duties as a ground of exemption; but the Court inexorably fixed him. We may very soon expect to see the 'elective principle' claiming the choice of jurors, lawyers, prisoners, &c.—*Mont. Herald.*

Crimes punishable with death.—In the United States there are nine crimes punishable with death. The first is treason; the second murder; the third rape; the fourth arson; the fifth burning a ship of war of the U. S.; the sixth the robbery of the mail.... [this is not usually capital, but a second offence, or an attack upon the conductors of the mail with dangerous weapons, subjects the criminal to death, and the penalty has been in numerous instances inflicted]—the seventh casting away ships with intent to defraud the owners; the eighth rescuing a prisoner, while going to, or during the execution; and the ninth and last, is the crime of piracy.

Tenthly.—Murderers, traitors, &c. have received the most gracious thanks of Amos Kendall, and the Govrnrnt for their crimes.)

Respectable—There are but few words in our language, more misused than this. Wealth is so often thought to be the main constituent of respectability, that when an exception is designed to be understood, it must be distinctly expressed. The universal newspaper phrase, in such cases, is,

"Poor but respectable," as if the fact of poverty were prima facie evidence against respectability. No one who has known the poor intimately, can for a moment assent to such heresy. There is no class of society in our country, where all the virtues which confer a just claim to respect, more generally abound than among the poor. While the idleness, improvidence or vice, which produce far the larger proportion of squalid misery which exists, should receive no tolerance, all honor should be paid to the virtue which shines out amid the pressure and temptations of poverty.

The Witty Shepherd...A proud person and his man riding over a common, saw a shepherd tending his flock; and having a new coat on, the person asked, in a haughty tone, who gave him that coat. "The same," said the shepherd, "that clothed you...the parish." The person nettled at this, rode on, murmuring, a little way, and then made his man go back and ask the shepherd if he would not come and live with him, for he wanted a fool. The man accordingly delivered his master's message to the shepherd. "Why, you are going away?" said the shepherd. "No," answered the other. "Then you may tell your master," replied the shepherd, "that his living cannot maintain three of us."

Our neighbor's besetting sin is his differing from us. If he were only like ourselves, we could pardon all his faults. To be perfect, he must be as like us as love is like the rose—just like love.

BIRTH,  
At Dunham, on 18 inst. Mrs. Lyman Barnes, of son.

DIED,  
In Brome, on the 20th inst., Hannah Durkee, wife of Ranson Durkee, aged 71 years.  
In St. Armand, on the 17th inst., Mr. Abel Holden.

#### NOTICE.

STRAYED from the pasture of John Gibson, jun., in Sutton, on the 21st day of Sept., inst. one black faced red yearling HEIFER, and one red yearling STEER; whoever will give information where they are, will be paid for their trouble.

HENRY BORIGHT.  
St. Armand, Sept. 22, 1835. 24—tf

#### TAKE NOTICE.

ALL persons indebted to the late firm of Chester Roberts & Co. are requested to pay their notes and accounts without any delay, as the time has come when business must be closed. After this notice none need be surprised to find their demands in the hands of an officer for collection. Those who have unsettled accounts with the firm, will do well to call and settle; security will be required in all cases where immediate payment is not made.

Philipburg, Sept. 15, 1835. 23—3w

#### NOTICE.

THE Annual Meeting of the Members of the Mutual Fire Insurance Company of the Counties of Mississauga and Rouville, will be held at the house of Mr. Abel Smith, Philipburg, on Monday the 5th day of October, 1835, at 11 o'clock A. M.; for the purpose of electing a Board of Directors for the ensuing year; agreeably to the 6th section of the act, entitled, "An Act to authorize the establishment of Mutual Fire Insurance Companies."

By order of the Directors,  
CHESTER ROBERTS, Sec'y.  
Philipburg, Sept. 10th, 1835. 23—3w

#### ROUVILLE CATTLE SHOW,

Will take place at Clarenceville on Saturday the 3d day of October next at 11 o'clock, A. M. All persons wishing to exhibit any animals, on that day are requested to give notice to the Secretary by eleven o'clock, A. M., or they will be debarred from exhibiting.

By order of the President.

JOHN W. HAPGOOD, Sec'y.  
Clarenceville, Sept. 8th, 1835.



#### PUBLIC NOTICE

It is hereby given that a WHARF has been completed BY THE BRITISH AMERICAN LAND COMPANY, at Port St. Francis, seven miles above Three Rivers on the South shore of the St. Lawrence, and that Steamboats and other Vessels may land or embark Goods and Passengers at the same, with safety and despatch. The Agent of the COMPANY will for the present season allow free storage for such articles as may be landed at Port St. Francis for transport to the Eastern Townships—or brought to that place for shipment outwards.

Office of the British American Land Company, Montreal, August 1, 1835.

19—t

Sherbrooke, July 20, 1835. 16—tf

#### BRIDGE OVER THE ST. FRANCIS.

THE BRITISH AMERICAN LAND COMPANY are now prepared to contract for building a BRIDGE over the River Saint Francis at Sherbrooke. Persons inclined to erect this bridge, will be required to furnish plans upon which they would recommend its construction, with specifications of the timber and materials required, and estimates of the sum for which they will complete the same, both with and without warrantee for five years. It is desirable that plans, &c. should be furnished with as little delay as possible. Any information relating to the site of the Bridge, &c. may be obtained by application at this Office.

Office of the B. A. L. Co.,

Sherbrooke, July 20, 1835.

16—tf

#### CASH PAID FOR BUTTER.

THE subscriber will pay Cash (and the highest market price) for

10 TONS GOOD BUTTER,

delivered at his store.

W. W. SMITH.

Mississauga Bay, August 3d, 1835.

17—tf

#### PROSPECTUS

O F A

WEEKLY NEWSPAPER,

TO BE ISSUED AT MONTREAL.

THE FIRST NUMBER TO APPEAR ON SATURDAY, TH-

P O E T R Y.

FAREWELL.

My friend, Oh do not say farewell,  
Though we are doom'd to sever,  
Tis like the evening passing bell  
Of pleasures gone forever.

It tells me of departed joys,  
Of pleasure and of sorrow,  
That summer smiled on yesterday,  
But winter comes to-morrow.

Then Oh! my friend, before we part  
Some easier word pray tell,  
Say parting friends may meet again,  
But do not say farewell.

From the N. E. Weekly Review.

THE EVERLASTING TAPER.

Previous to the first Revolution in France, in the ancient town of Amiens, among other marvels and curiosities, the stranger was certain of being edified with a sight of the holy candle, or everlasting taper—which had burned for two centuries in a dim niche of the moss-grown church,—unwasting as the brilliance of a star—shedding forever the same pale light upon the antique and fretted ceiling, and on the half ruined, but still gorgeous altar, whence a thousand masses had gone up for the quiet sleeping of those “whose places shall know them no more forever.”

The stranger while mingling with the crowd who on certain days were allowed to witness this miraculous taper, might easily learn the story of its origin. From the corpulent monk to the lean and meagre artisan, all knew it by heart. It is an odd narration, and would figure well in an improved edition of the doings of Faust’s Mephistopheles.

Two or three centuries ago there lived in the town a carpenter by the name of Christopher,—a hard working, but poverty stricken mechanic. Finding his utmost exertions inadequate to the support of himself and family, he resolved,—and there was a great deal of worldly wisdom in his resolution—to better his fortune in this life, even if by so doing he might incur the risk of faring somewhat worse in the next.—Christopher was a punctual attendant at church, had often heard his Pastor exhort upon the exceeding power of the Arch Enemy of Man, and upon his willingness and ability to reward with temporal riches those who yielded up to him the small matter of a mortgage of their souls. Christopher had toiled himself to a skeleton—starvation stared him in the face—and worse than all, a new quality had begun to develop itself in his character, in the shape of extreme laziness. He therefore upon mature deliberation concluded to open a sort of bazaar trade with the enemy, and for the peace of his body hazard that of his soul.—He accordingly prayed lustily for the presence of that being from whose neighborhood all good Catholics and devout, ask deliverance. The devil, whether engaged in other, and more profitable speculations, or from a presentiment of ill luck, did not readily answer the diabolical petitions of the carpenter; but tired at last with the continued importunities of Christopher he one evening made his appearance in the shape of a respectable looking monkey.

“What wouldst thou with me?” said the hairy Demon, ‘thou hast been long calling. Speak in what can I serve thee?’

“My Lord!” said Christopher, bowing humbly, ‘I am told that your lordship dispenses wealth as pleasure; and should be very greatly obliged to you for a small share of your favors.’

‘But what will you give me?’ interrupted the Devil.

‘Alas...my lord!’ said Christopher, laying his hand on his heart, ‘I am miserably poor.’

There was a pathos in the manner and tones of Christopher which seemed to reach even the inexorable heart of Lucifer. ‘Well, well,’ said he, ‘there’s no need of despondency—I’ll give thee as much gold as thou desirest for thirty years...but after that time, having occasion for a carpenter to make some trifling repairs in my internal palace, I shall come myself and conduct thee thither.’

There was so much apparent cañor and frankness in this proposition that Christopher without hesitation signed the contract; and the infernal Bargainer made a spring up the chimney and vanished. Christopher wished for a thousand pistoles and the sum was the next minute in his pockets—he continued his wishes and they were all gratified...never was the Devil more punctual. In short, Christopher began to believe that the sooty dignitary had been most maliciously belied and slandered...it actually pained his heart to hear him abused...and he even quarrelled with his good friend the Abbot, for handling his Satanic Generalship without gloves in one of his sermons.

One night—the fifteenth anniversary of his Satanic bargain, the now wealthy and highly respected Christopher was sitting in company with a large number of friends, enjoying a social chat amidst the clatter of glasses, and the pouring of wine. Changing to send his servant for a particular and rare wine in his cellar, he was not a little surprised at the fellow’s returning without it...and informing him that a large black man sat upon the cask, desiring to speak with the master of the house. The nerves of Christopher shook for a moment—for he thought of his infernal customer...but resolving to prepare for the worst, and knowing that but half his lease had expired...he took the bond in his hand, and boldly sallied down stairs.

It was the Devil, sure enough. There he sat sullenly on the wine cask—

“A towzly tyke, black, grim and large.”

He lifted his head as Christopher entered and scowled on him through his shaggy eye-brows like the glare of a comet through a thunder cloud.

‘I am come for you,’ he said.

Christopher held out his hand and laughed—the Devil mocked him.

‘You are mistaken—tis but fifteen years as yet—the lease is but half out.’

Again the Devil laughed, and a most infernal cacchimination he made of it. ‘You are mistaken,’ he returned, ‘fifteen years of days and fifteen years of nights, make thirty years—according to my arithmetic; so prepare yourself.’

It was in vain that Christopher remonstrated, the Devil was inexorable. One request only the ‘all pitiless demon’ granted. His victim was allowed a brief half hour to bid his friends farewell. With a heavy heart Christopher ascended, and told his friends of his misfortune. All were for a moment struck dumb with grief, not for the loss of Christopher, but for the loss of his excellent wine and delicate viands. A plethoric little friar at length advised Christopher to return to the demon and ask permission to live while the taper which he held in his hand continued to burn. A drowning man will catch at straws, and Christopher obeyed. The demon for once was lenient, and like a cat playing with its victim he allowed the carpenter a momentary respite. Up came the wretched bargainer with his candle. The friar seized it, with a sly wink of the eye, and plunged it into a basin of holy water. A virtue was forthwith imparted to the taper, which prevented its wasting;—and Beelzebub foiled in his purpose—outwitted by a crafty monk—retired with a noise which shook the building like an earthquake. The monk placed the taper in a niche of the church, where it burned on for ages. Christopher lived to a good old age—and died peacefully in his bed, leaving his immense estate to the convent of which the quick-witted friar was a brother.

F A C T O R Y.

**T**HE subscriber respectfully informs his friends and the public generally, that he is now adding, in Machinery and repairs, to his present

WOOLLEN FACTORY, 1500

dollars. All the machinery of the Eastern improvement, made in a superior manner, and will be in readiness for business early in the season; tended by faithful help, and superintended by a first rate experienced workman. It is calculated to manufacture 30lbs. of raw wool every day, completing the same amount for the Tailor. He therefore requests those wishing to encourage such business in the County, to furnish him with

10,000

pounds to work on shares or by the yard, this year. If application is made soon, bargains can be made on as good terms for the customer as at any establishment of the kind in the County; perhaps better.

Grey Cloth will be made by the yard, for 30cts. Common colours, &c. for 35, for cash. Manufactured on shares, for 6 yards out of 18 yards. Flannels to be done in proportion to the other work.

Custom CARDING & CLOTH-DRESSING will be continued to any extent the public may require; all superintended by superior workmen, on fair terms.

Mr. H. M. Chandler of Freleighsburg, is authorized to give receipts for Wool and the return of cloth in October. JOS. G. PRENTISS. Sheldon, June 30, 1835. 12—ts.

OLD ESTABLISHMENT.

**T**HE subscriber gratefully acknowledges the liberal patronage he has already received and begs leave to inform his friends and the public that he still continues to carry on the business of

CABINET WORK,

CHAIR-MAKING AND PAINTING, in all its various branches; being supplied with full assortment of materials necessary for conducting the establishment, and having in all the above branches experienced workmen employed, who he hesitatingly asserts, are equal if not superior to any in the Province.

The subscriber further intimates that he has on hand a general assortment of finished articles in his line of business, which he would exchange for

L U M B E R

or any kind of Country Produce. He has considerably reduced his former prices and intends making a still greater reduction, and hopes by strict attention, neatness and durability of workmanship, to merit a continuance of the patronage and support of a discerning public.

N. B. A liberal discount allowed for Cash.

DAN B. GILBERT<sup>ST.</sup>

Philipsburg, June 2, 1835.

TO LET.

 THE STORE, ASHERY, DIS-

TILLERY, and part of the SHED,

at Churchville, belonging to the estate and succession of the late John Church, Jr.

in consort, for term of years, and possession given immediately.

FOR SALE, upon the aforesaid premises, 45 bushels of wheat, 50 do. corn, 150 do. oats, and 250 bushels of potatoes. Also, a quantity of rye, buck-wheat, and about 15 tons good barn hay.

For further particulars enquire of either of the undersigned. All persons indebted to the said estate will find it for their interest to settle the same immediately.

JOSHUA CHAMBERLIN, Executors

SAMUEL WOOD, & Tutors,

Churchville, 1st April, 1835.

FRANKLIN PLACE, Philadelphia, Pa.

RECOMMENDATORY NOTICE.

From the multitude of these, we refer the stranger to a brief extract, from one only for the sake of brevity, viz:

The Saturday Courier is the largest weekly journal published in Philadelphia, and certainly one of the very best in the United States—[Pennsylvania Daily Inquirer, of May 18th 1835.]

The Saturday Courier is sent in exchange to Editors who will do us the favour of inserting this advertisement.

WOODWARD & CLARKE,

Franklin Place, Philadelphia, Pa.

RECOMMENDATORY NOTICE.

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The Saturday Courier is the largest weekly journal published in Philadelphia, and certainly one of the very best in the United States—[Pennsylvania Daily Inquirer, of May 18th 1835.]

The Saturday Courier is sent in exchange to Editors who will do us the favour of inserting this advertisement.

MUNSON & CO. pay

Cash for BUTTER.

August 18, 1835. 19—ts.

19—ts.</p